

Butte Department.

The Principal Branch Office of the Standard is at No. 21 East Broadway, Butte Telephone No. 422. Advertising rates furnished on application.

BUTTE WEATHER.

Reported for the Standard by Gallogly & Co., Druggists.

Oct. 29. Thermometer, Barometer, Wind.
8 a.m. 35 deg. above. 24.00 inches. NW
3 p.m. 36 deg. above. 24.08 inches. NW
Highest temperature yesterday 43; lowest 32.

10-DAY'S WEATHER.

The indications for Montana to-day are: Night rain or snow; north winds, becoming variable; warmer in western portion.

Commencing Oct. 12th, 1896

We Will

GIVE AWAY

One Sale in Every Fifteen at the Same Price. The Principle is Worked Automatically. The Invention Belongs to a Montana Man. Mr. C. F. Davis of Missoula.

We invite inspection of the invention

Nash & Co. Tailors

BUTTE CURRENT NOTES.

Silver, 64%.

Orton Bros. Pianos and Organs.

R. A. Luke is over from Helena.

Fred Orton, piano tuner, 5 W. Quarta.

G. W. Tackaborg of Denver is in the city.

Governor Rickards was in town yesterday.

Governor Rickards came over from Helena last evening.

Trimmed hats at \$2 and \$3. Miss Gilbert's, 80 West Park.

James Monteth left for San Francisco last evening.

Charley Boyden of the Milwaukee road is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Walsh of Anaconda arrived in Butte yesterday.

Phil Gibson, Great Falls, and T. C. Stoddard of Missoula are in town.

If in need of Stenographer or Bookkeeper apply Butte Business College.

Old gold and silver made into jewelry at Rubenstein & Co.'s, 73 E. Park.

C. W. Pitts, district passenger agent of the Great Northern, is in the city.

Candidates—See Kendrick for signs and transparencies, 21 E. Broadway.

Celery—Buy your celery of B. Hyde, Missoula. Largest grower in the state.

Main spring, \$1; watch cleaning, \$1.50. Warranted. Mayer, 40 W. Park.

The Butte letter carriers will give their annual ball at Renshaw hall tonight.

J. D. Luders of Anaconda and Miss Freda Schlitching of Butte were married by Judge Almon Wednesday evening.

Ward's Ladies' Sealskin Coats, slightly worn, latest styles, at 40 cents on the dollar at Harry Blumkin's loan office, 5 North Main street.

A letter was sent from Butte to Lotie L. Smith, Colorado Springs, Col., that was sent to the dead letter office and returned to this office. It contains an article of value, but there was no signature in the letter to determine by whom the letter was sent.

THE CONCERT.

A Splendid Musical Programme by the Schubert Symphony Club.

The concert by the Schubert Symphony club given at the Auditorium last evening under the auspices of the Young People's society of the Presbyterian church, was in every sense of the term a musical treat. The lady quartet is composed of excellent vocalists. The soprano, Miss Mabel Delany, and the contralto, Mrs. Purcell, are probably as good as any ever heard in this city. Master Tommy Purcell, a bright and clever little fellow, performed most creditably on a violin and made a hit with his songs and recitations. Nearly every number on the programme was encored. A good-sized audience attended the entertainment.

How to Ride a Swimming Horse.

From the Hartford Times.

It must not be supposed that a horse always swims naturally and with ease the moment he is off his feet in the water. The animal under such circumstances has but one notion, to keep his head out of the water and to lift his shoulders as high as possible. In doing this his hind quarters sink, and he finds himself almost standing on his tail, or at least in a position three-quarters erect. In such an attitude, if the rider draws back upon the reins, or throws his body back in the least, the animal's body will sink more and more, his body will take a vertical position, and, beating the water uselessly with his fore feet, he will finally sink. As soon as the horse gets off his feet in the water let the rider grasp the animal's mane, leaning at the same time well forward upon his shoulders, but without touching his head. The rider's knees should be pressed tightly to the horse's sides in order to avoid being swept off by the water. This is the only position which will enable a man to remain in the saddle and the horse to swim at the same time. The reins must be held loosely and each well to one side.

All candidates on the democratic-populist ticket are requested to meet at headquarters on Friday evening, Oct. 30, 1896, at 7:30 p. m. Harry Alshire, secretary.

AS THE RESULT OF IT

Mr. and Mrs. Shovelin Arrested on the Charge of Arson.

THAT COARSE HOTEL FIRE

There is \$5,000 or \$6,000 Insurance on the Morgan, the House That Was Fired Wednesday Night.

Frank Shovelin and his wife were arrested yesterday afternoon on the charge of arson and both are in the county jail in default of \$3,000 bonds each. Their arrest is the result of a deliberate attempt to burn the Morgan hotel in South Butte Wednesday night. The warrant was issued by Judge Almon on application of W. W. Snell, a police officer on the South Butte beat. Mrs. Shovelin was found to be sick and was not placed under arrest until several hours after her husband was in jail. They will be arraigned this afternoon.

The Shovelins bought the Morgan hotel not long ago, and paid something like \$3,000 for it. They had the building and furniture insured for between \$5,000 and \$6,000, although Shovelin told a Standard reporter at the time of the fire that there was not more than \$1,000 insurance on all the property. An East Granite insurance agency has \$2,000 on the building and \$1,000 on the furniture and a West Granite street firm has \$2,000 on the hotel and an equal sum on the furniture. Whether or not other agencies carried any insurance on the property is not known.

Further examination of the premises yesterday showed that in some of the rooms, where the incendiary evidently didn't have time to apply a match, coal oil had been splashed all over the walls. One of the beds was so thoroughly soaked with oil that it was dripping through upon the floor. It also appears that Shovelin was mistaken when he said he had 15 lodgers, as it developed yesterday that there were not more than three or four men stopping at the house. One of them was seen yesterday and he said that for a week or more Mrs. Shovelin has been talking to the lodgers about the hotel burning down and expressed the fear that it would. The men took it as a hint that they were no longer wanted there and some of them left. It is also recalled that while the Shovelins were living in Walkerville their house burned down two times and each time, under what the neighbors considered, suspicious circumstances. The first fire was about six years ago and the second was about three years ago. On the other occasions Mrs. Shovelin, it is said, went through the same hysterical performance as she did at Wednesday night's fire over some large sum of money she claimed to have had under the carpet but which could not be found. They had no trouble in collecting the insurance on their Walkerville property. There are those who believe that the woman is not in her right mind.

CALAMITY JANE AN AGENT.

The Last of the Women Scouts and Was a Terror.

From the Baltimore American.

A woman who has killed more than five score of Indians, who has met and conquered a dozen bad men and has been in more deadly rows than falls to the lot of a hundred average men, is now earning a living as a book agent. This is Calamity Jane. Bret Harle made her famous in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," but the woman pictured by the novelist and the real Calamity Jane are quite different personages.

Many people have supposed that Calamity Jane never existed, except in the imagination of the writer. But she does exist, and at this particular time she is tramping from house to house in Helena, Mont., selling a book—a book she wrote herself and about herself. As a literary gem, it will never create a furor among posterity, but this does not bother the author; all she aspires to is a sale sufficient to clothe and feed herself until something better turns up. She freely acknowledges that she delved into literature only as a final resource. She was face to face with poverty, so she wrote a book. Moreover, she wants to educate her daughter, and if the sales are numerous enough this will be done.

The real Calamity Jane is a woman of 44 years, weighing less than 125 pounds, and about five feet three inches in height. She has gray eyes, brown hair, a weather-beaten face and an ordinary raw-boned figure. There is nothing remarkable about her, as far as looks go, but, as she says, "when it comes down to cold cases, I am the best." This vague remark may mean a great variety of things, but its literal meaning is that when danger comes her way she won't flunk.

In private life she is Mrs. Clinton Burke, having married a gentleman of that name at El Paso, Texas, some 10 years ago. Her maiden name was Martha Canary. She was born in Princeton, Mo., in 1852, and while a baby her mother died. When 10 years of age her father took her to Virginia City, Nev., where the wildest spirits of the West, both red and white, congregated. From the first she was thrown in contact with men of the desperado type, and shooting scrapes were ordinary events in her life. Naturally she learned to shoot and to look out for her own welfare, for in that reckless community it was quite necessary that a woman should be able to take care of herself as well as a man.

In one of the constant scurrillages with the Indians her father was killed and the family was broken up. Martha had to shift for herself, and as she could do was to ride and shoot, she got a position as scout under General Crook. This was not a rare thing among frontier women in those days. They knew the ways of the Indians better than the trained soldiers from the East, and as they expected no favors on account of their sex, they were as efficient in the work as men.

Martha Canary soon worked up to a leadership among these women. She was but 15 when she first became a government scout, and had all the audacity of youth. Besides, she was absolutely fearless, and had nerves of rock. Nothing was too hazardous for her to undertake, and in a few years she had a reputation for reckless courage which made her conspicuous among people where that quality was common.

To recount the number of affairs in which she figured would be a long task. She earned her title of Calamity Jane by a bit of gallantry deserving

of handsomer recognition. It was during Custer's Nez Percé campaign in 1872-3. Wherever Custer was there was always plenty of fighting, and as fighting was her hobby, Calamity Jane was there, too.

One of the small skirmishes of this campaign is called the Battle of Goose Creek Camp. A company of soldiers, commanded by a young captain named Egan, were surprised and surrounded by Indians, and the soldiers were getting the worst of it. Calamity Jane was outside the circle of Indians watching the fight, and when it was only a question of minutes when the soldiers would be wiped out, she managed to work her way to safety through the Indians to her comrades. On reaching that point she discovered that the captain was wounded and the soldiers demoralized. There was only one good horse left, and getting the captain across the saddle, she got up behind him and then cut loose. She knew the country better than the pursuing Indians, and managed to reach a point of safety. The diversion she created by the escape gave a few of the soldiers a chance to get away, but the bulk of them were massacred. It was Captain Egan who gave her the name of Calamity Jane, and later her fame spread from the Dakotas to the western line of Montana.

In the Black Hills between Custer and Deadwood, she was best known, and when that region was in most lawless stages she was a central figure. She was a leading spirit in the vigilante committees, and officiated at scores of lynchings. She always dressed in men's clothes and never appeared without a revolver or rifle. But she didn't hesitate to use other weapons when her ire was aroused.

The tragedy which ended John McCaul's life showed this. McCaul was a stage coach driver at Deadwood, and one day he shot a man called Wild Bill in the back. Bill died. He was one of the choice friends of Calamity Jane. When she heard of the shooting she rushed out of her shanty, with a butcher's cleaver in her hand. She gave a whoop, which brought all the stragglers in town to her heels, and they joined eagerly in the chase for McCaul. He was found half drunk, and the cleaver in the hands of Calamity Jane almost scared him to death. Some of the people proposed that Jane should finish him with the cleaver, but the milder spirits objected, so he was lynched in the conventional way, attached to the end of a tree, with Jane standing guard with the cleaver.

The curious part of all this is that six months before Jane had saved McCaul's life. She and six others were passengers on McCaul's coach, running from Deadwood to Wild Birch. Half way between the two points the coach was surrounded by Indians and McCaul was shot through the back. The other passengers lost their nerve at this, but Jane grabbed up the reins and landed the coach safely at Wild Birch.

Later Jane became a mail express rider between Deadwood and Custer, and as the country was then overrun with hostile Sioux, the job was an exciting one. After that she went to ranching at Miles City, Mont., raising cattle did not suit her, so she opened a small hotel. She was her own bouncer, and when any bad men drifted in search of trouble, she always met them more than half way.

In 1885 she went to El Paso, where she married. Nine months ago she rode the Deadwood trail, but it was nothing for her to do except to go on the variety stage, and this work disinterested her. So she gave it up to plunge into literature.

Lucky Policies of Insurance.

From London Tit-Bits.

A very remarkable thing occurred to a Sheffield grocer a few months ago. Having a wife and three children dependent upon him, and not making an income much more than sufficient for current expenses, the grocer decided to take out an insurance upon his life for protection of his family against destitution in the event of their being suddenly robbed of his support. He applied to a good company, went through the usual formalities, and awaited results.

A few days later, having closed his shop for the night, he was sitting in his parlor over the shop, when he heard the postman's characteristic knock. He threw down his paper and hurried downstairs. When in the middle of long, steep flight, his foot slipped, and he was forcibly precipitated down the remainder of the stairs into the hall below, where he struck his head heavily against a metal letter box, which caused concussion of the brain, from which he died in the course of a few days.

The extraordinary feature of this story, which sounds like the daring fiction of a penny-a-liner, is the fact that in the letter box at the time of the accident was the life insurance policy for which the grocer had been negotiating. It had just been delivered by the postman, to whose knock he had responded.

There are many similar cases of policies being taken out at the eleventh hour, as it has proved. Only last summer a gentleman, who was on the lowering day to have started on a mountaineering tour through Switzerland, went to a big London insurance company to go through the final formalities and get his policy. This was done, and he left the office, which is situated in a thoroughfare where the traffic is seriously congested. Turning straight out of the office, without looking where he was going, he ran into the horse of a hansom, which he was knocked down and fatally injured.

A strange case, illustrative of the value of newspaper insurance, which has become popular of recent years in England, was that of a country carpenter. He had just knocked off work near a station, and was loitering about talking to the porters, when a train came in and stopped. From one of the compartments, directly opposite the carpenter, a gentleman alighted, leaving a paper upon the seat. The man mentioned the fact to him, and, being informed that it was no longer wanted, he took possession of it. He put it in his pocket, and after a few more remarks to the porters went off home, making his way along the railway, which in the country is a much more common thing than is supposed. About half way home he was overtaken by a train, knocked down and killed instantly. His wife very promptly—it is remarkable how prompt people can be under these circumstances—put in her claim for the insurance of which the paper the deceased carried was the policy, and proved her kinship.

White Skies.

An astronomer says that the sky is whiter over the cultivated than over the uncultivated portions of the earth's surface, because a good deal of coarse dust is present in the atmosphere in the former instance, with the result that a larger proportion of white light is diffused.

Subscribe for the Standard.

DOWN IN A COAL MINE

Another One of Those Accidents and Loss of Life.

SAD FATE OF THE RESCUERS

Explosion of Gas in a Pennsylvania Mine Kills Probably a Dozen Men—Full Force Not at Work.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 29.—A terrible explosion of gas occurred in No. 1 mine of the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Coal company, South Wilkesbarre, between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning. Six men are known to be dead and three injured. It is not yet known how many men were in the mine at the time of the explosion, but 12 are reported missing and it is believed all of these have perished. The dead who have been brought to the surface are:

William R. Jones, fire boss; John Joseph, assistant mine foreman. Others known to be dead but who cannot be reached because of the mine damp are: Thomas Owens, miner; William Lacy, miner; James Herpon, laborer; Joseph Worth, fire boss.

The injured, so far as known are: David Williams, overcome by black damp; Joe Davis, overcome by black damp.

The cause of the explosion will probably never be known. The mine was idle for the day. Usually there are from 400 to 500 men employed in the mine. Had they all been at work when the explosion occurred the loss of life would have been very large. The only men in the mine this afternoon were the company hands and bosses who were at work in the rock tunnel, changing the air course. The place was very gaseous and the men worked with safety lamps. It is believed that the gas was ignited by a blast. David Williams, the driver boss, was at the head of the slope, 500 feet away, when the explosion occurred and was hurried some distance and injured. He was the only one in the vicinity who escaped alive.

The explosion was so severe that it was plainly felt at the mouth of the shaft. The roof of the fan house was blown off and all the air ways were wrecked and blown away. The alarm was promptly given and hundreds of men, women and children rushed to the head of the shaft. The grief of the men who had husbands, sons or brothers in the mine was heartrending. The work of organizing rescue gangs was begun without delay. It was a perilous undertaking, as the sequel proved, but no man faltered. Fire Boss William R. Jones and Assistant Mine Foreman John Joseph selected the men for the first party and themselves led the way. All were overcome by the dread after blast, but not until they had found Driver Boss David Williams. All except Joseph succeeded in reaching the foot of the shaft and were moved to the surface, but the old fire boss, William R. Jones, succumbed to the deadly fire damp and died half an hour after being brought out. John Joseph, the other hero, became separated from the party and the second rescuing party found his body and removed it to the surface at 2:30 o'clock.

A number of company men who were working in a different part of the mine reached the surface by the No. 5 shaft and also by another opening. It is not thought possible to reach the four men in the rock tunnel until the air currents are opened. Large streams of water were sent down the shaft to establish a temporary air current while the work of rescue was in progress. Superintendent Lawall says there remain six men inside, but as old miners insist there are 12. It is generally supposed all are dead. The rescue party of 12 men in charge of Mine Foreman John F. Jones is slowly making its way to the rock tunnel and building an air passage the entire distance to insure safety. The mine damp is very bad and the work of rescue is progressing at great risk.

Living in Hope.

From the Bay City Chat.

"I haven't had a ride in a carriage I don't know when," complained Mrs. Jay-Smith.

"Never mind," replied her husband. "Just have patience. Some of the neighbors will have a funeral one of these days."

Stage to Sheridan and way stations. Inquire at Southern hotel.

Lace Curtain SALE

SALE

Expect What You May, We Will Surprise You.

We will offer over one thousand pairs of lace curtains this week at less than manufacturers' cost. They are some odd lots closed out for the cash to us from an eastern factory. Come while the goods last.

A Dollar Gets Double its Due at These Prices:

Lot 1. 185 pairs Nottingham lace curtains manufactured to sell at \$1.50 pair, for...	75c
Lot 2. 157 pairs Nottingham lace curtains, manufactured to sell at \$2.50 pair, for...	95c
Lot 3. 125 pairs real Brussels lace patterns, manufactured to sell at \$3.00 pair, for...	\$1.35
Lot 4. 127 pairs lace curtains, art open work, manufactured to sell at \$4.50 pair, for...	\$2.50
Lot 5. 95 pairs novelty fish-net curtains, manufactured to sell at \$5.00, for...	\$2.75
Lot 6. 75 pairs real Brussels lace, manufactured to sell at \$6.00, for...	\$3.75
Lot 7. 55 pairs Irish Point curtains, manufactured to sell at \$6.00, for...	\$4.00

Brownfield-Canty Carpet Co.

24 West Park Street

TO-DAY.

Wrapper Sale.

\$1.25 quality at - - 95c

TO-DAY ONLY.

O.K. Lewis & Co

Last Friday Sale for October. It will eclipse all previous records. Basement and throughout the store. Special preparations for this day.

8 yards Bleached Muslin, 50c; to-day only.
10 yards 2-4 Percale, 50c.
12 yards Toweling, 50c.
10 yards Outing Flannel, 50c.
Turkish Towels to-day only 75c.
10c. 12c; about half value.
500 remnants Cotton Goods, half price.
50 dozen 46-inch Pillow Cases, hemmed, 15c each.
50 dozen 9-4 ready-made Sheets, 55c each.
50 extra quality 11-4 White Bed Spreads, hemmed, at \$1; value \$1.50.
60-inch German Table Linen at 45c; value 70c; to-day.
25 dozen Fringed Doyleys at 25c dozen.
Pure white Cotton Batting, extra, at 10c roll.
10 yards English Wrapper Flannel, \$2 pattern.
300 Gray Blankets, 60c pair.

BASEMENT.

Choice 20 Fur Capes, worth \$20.00, for... \$10.00

Only To-Day.

Warm Underwear, Special To-Day.

50 dozen Women's Jersey-Ribbed Underwear, 75c a garment; the \$1 grade.
50 dozen extra quality Ribbed Underwear, women's, \$1 a garment; the \$1.50 kind; to-day only.
Children's Underwear, 15c, 20c, 25c to 35c a garment.

Basement Underwear, odd lots, Read Women's and Children's; Half Price.

Men's Undershirts, no Drawers, to close out, 50c each; the \$1 kind; to-day only.

A Flurry in Coats and Capes FOR TO-DAY ONLY

Choice of 25 Cloth Garments, worth up to \$20, for \$10. Be prompt.
Choice of 20 Cloth Capes at \$8.50, worth up to \$17.50.
Choice of 15 Capes at \$3.95, value to \$7.
Capes at \$1.95 to \$2.95; special for this day only.

Hosiery Sale For To-Day

Children's Double-Knee Wool Hose at 25c a pair, value 40c.
Women's Wool Hose, ribbed top, 25c pair; 40c value.
Women's Seamless, Cashmere Hose, 3 pairs for \$1; the 50c kind.

To-Day Only

500 Cloth Remnants at just half remnant price to-day. Find them on Dress Goods counter. That's 25c on the dollar. Friday only.

Modes and Fabrics for November ready To-day.

O. K. Lewis & Co.

OVERCOATS will be Needed

From now on. Some Days will be warm and pleasant, but the Nights—every one will be cold enough to demand the protection of an Overcoat.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Heavy black Kersey Overcoats, 4-inch collar, hair sleeve lining, dark diagonal, serge body lining.....\$5.00

Men's heavy Kersey Overcoats in black and steel-gray only, well made and fancy trimmed.....\$10.00

Men's fine Blue Melton Overcoats, lined with heavy Clay Worsted, Silk shoulders and sleeve lining, very swell.....\$15.00

Men's fine Carr Melton, made in same style as above coat, only in finer quality.....\$20.00

ULSTERS.

Heavy Ulsters, wool lined, a strong, good coat.....\$4.25

Heavy, rough faced Wool Ulsters, Cassimere lined, large storm collar. 7.00

Chinchilla Storm Ulsters with fur collars and cuffs.....9.00

Extra quality heavy Chinchilla Ulsters.....10.00

Irish Frieze Coats, the warmest and best wearing garment made, dark brown color.....\$12.50

Dark Gray Frieze Coats, handsome, stylish and serviceable.....15.00

Extra fine and heavy Chinchilla Ulsters, with handsome beaver collar and cuffs.....25.00

FUR COATS.

Gray and Black Goat Coat.....\$12.50

Russian Dog Skin Coat (black).....18.00

Lamb Skin Coats from \$20 to.....25.00

Coon Skin Coats, \$30, \$45 and.....60.00

Poll Angus Cattle Coats, the most durable made, \$20 to.....\$25.00

Astrakhan Coats.....45.00

Mink Coats \$100 and.....125.00

Stacks of Underwear at from 50c up to \$15.00.

GANS & KLEIN,

LARGEST CLOTHIERS IN MONTANA

120-122 North Main Street, Butte

SHERMAN

THE

UNDERTAKER

125 East Park Street, Butte, Mont.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

UNDERTAKERS' GOODS

Bodies carefully embalmed and shipped to all parts of the world.

BUTTE CASH GROCERY COMPANY.

APPLES.

We have just received a car of 220 barrels of the finest Michigan apples that ever came into Butte, and the price is within reach of everybody. Call and examine them at our store.

Butte Cash Grocery Co

Cor. Park and Wyoming Streets.



McDERMOTT HOTEL,

Under new management. Strictly first class. Renovated and refitted throughout. Steam heat and electric light in all rooms. Large sample room for business men. Rates \$2.50 and upward. McDermott Hotel Co. & F. L. Loomis, Manager.